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## LITERARY MISCELLANY.

From the New York New Era.

## The Young Mother.

In the floweret that blooms on its own green stem,  
In the sunbeams that dance on the sea;  
In the light that beams from the ocean gem,  
In the sweep of the flowery lea,  
In the silvery sheen of the young May moon,  
In the blush of the morning's dye,  
In the shadows that sleep 'neath the autumn moon,  
In the rainbow that spans the sky,  
There is beauty—but where is the beauty can vie  
With the soul-speaking glance of a young mother's eye?

In the song of the poet when love's bright spells  
O'er the strings of his wild harp sweep,  
In the orator's voice when it proudly swells  
O'er the waves of the mental deep,  
In the melody heard in the hush of night,  
In the wild birds' song of glee,  
When he welcomes the smile of the coming light  
From his dew sprinkled throne in the tree,  
There is music—but where is the music whose power  
Can match with the song in a young mother's tower.

In the wild bird's song in the green-wood shade,  
When the vernal skies are bright,  
In the heart of the true and trusting maid,  
In the breast of her chosen knight—  
In the bridegroom's glance—in the bride's glad tear,  
When the binding vow is said,  
In the smile that glides the cloud of fear,  
O'er the orphan's pathway spread,  
There is love, but where is there love so deep  
As the young mother breathes o'er her infant's sleep.

Oh, holy and pure is the love that burns  
In a woman's faithful breast,  
When her eye in fond devotion turns  
To her infant's place of rest—  
And ever, as on that loved one glides  
Through life it burns the same;  
Through joy or grief o'er its lot presides,  
In the moment of glory or shame,  
Still it shines, with a lustre unchanging and bright  
Like a radiant star on the brow of night.

B. H.

## A Survivor of Bunker Hill.

One of the gallant aids of Gen. Warren at Bunker Hill, we rejoice to learn, survives, in the enjoyment of a green old age. The Albany Evening Journal of a late date furnishes an interesting sketch of the life of this veteran—Nathan Maynard, who now lives at Seneca Falls. Judge M. was born in Farmington, near Boston, in August 1755, and is therefore in his 85th year. He was one of the early settlers of Oneida county, after the war, where he has held various public trusts, and was ten years a judge of the county courts. A son, John Maynard, is now a member of the state Senate. Having joined the provincial army in 1774, near Boston, in the memorable battle of Bunker Hill it was his fortune to be placed in a situation to give a more interesting and graphic account of the thrilling incidents of that day probably than any other man now living. He was aid to Gen. Warren, and he it was who carried the order from the commander to the officers of the several regiments of the American army "to withhold their fire until the firing should be commenced in the centre," by order of the Gen. himself.

The following account of the action is from his own lips, as published in the Journal: Col. Prescott took possession at Breed's Hill on the night of the 16th of June, 1775, and threw up a breastwork of earth which they called a fort. On the morning of the 17th, at daylight, the British discovered the work and commenced a heavy cannonade from their shipping and from Copps Hill. Col. Prescott was reinforced in the course of the forenoon by the regiments of Cols. Brown, Nixon and several others.

Gen. Warren, who had been appointed by the provincial authorities of Massachusetts a General but three or four days previous, arrived on the ground about the middle of the day; he was in citizen's dress and was on foot, as were all the

provincial officers; he had not taken command by virtue of his newly received commission, but the several Colonels insisted upon his at once assuming the command and directing the movements of the day. The British troops were at this time landing and forming in order of battle. Gen. Warren had no military staff and required the services of some one to transmit his orders, and Col. Brewer recommended to him his fellow townsman, Mr. Maynard, who was young, active, and had been long enough in the service to be well disciplined.

Young Maynard accepted the invitation of Gen. Warren to act in that capacity, and repaired with him to the centre. The General immediately directed a breastwork to be constructed by doubling a post and rail fence, and filling in with hay which had been mown the day before.

In the meantime dense clouds of smoke rising above Charlestown communicated the awful intelligence that the town had been fired by the enemy, and aided in exasperating the American troops for the bloody fray that was to follow. The breastwork was completed to within thirty rods of the fort occupied by Col. Prescott, when the men were forced to quit the work and seize their arms.

The British advanced slowly in two columns, and when the whole were plainly in sight, Mr. Maynard carried the order from Gen. Warren to Col. Nixon, who lay on the Mystic river, "to reserve his fire until the firing should commence in the centre."—Returning to the General, he was directed to carry the same order to Col. Prescott and the other officers along the line.

The breathless silence along the American entrenchments was now only broken by hasty words of encouragement and directions from the officers to the men. The British advanced to within ten or twelve rods of the American works, when they fired, and commenced displaying their columns to form a line. At this moment Gen. Warren gave the word "FIRE!" On the instant the whole breastwork was in a blaze, and a report, like prolonged thunder rolled along the line. The enemy were thrown into disorder, and were unable to form their line; a few successive well-directed fires compelled them to retreat, which, though hasty, was conducted in good order. Gen. Warren ordered a cessation of the firing, on account of the scarcity of ammunition. The ground occupied by the advancing columns was nearly covered with the dead and wounded who lay in heaps as they fell across each other. The wounded raised their heads in imploring attitudes, but neither their friends nor their foes could afford them relief. But few of the Americans were killed or wounded in this attack.

All was still as the grave until the front of their columns had passed over all their dead, when the American General, without waiting for the fire of his enemy, gave the word that was to consign hundreds to instant death. This fire was even more destructive than before, and the enemy retired in some confusion. The ground was now literally covered with the dead. The British fired but few shots and those did but little execution.

The British now received further reinforcements, and a general officer from Boston, and advanced a third time, not in column but in line. They again marched over their dead, and a brisk firing commenced on both sides, which lasted nearly an hour, until the firing of the Americans died away for want of ammunition. The British then undertook to storm the fort. Gen. Warren sent a reinforcement of about sixty men to Col. Prescott, and sent Mr. Maynard to inform him that he would send more men if he wanted them. Col. Prescott at first thought he had as many men as could stand to advantage, but detained Mr. Maynard until the result of the enemy's first attack should be known. The enemy scaled the embankments with their bayonets. The Americans had but few bayonets, but fell upon the foe with the breeches of their guns, knocked them down with cobble stones, seized and wrested their guns from them, and turned their own bayonets against them. Prescott was every where encouraging his men, and joining in the general melee and shouting with his hoarse voice, "down with them—seize their guns—knock out their brains with stones—cobble stones are our cannon shot," &c. &c. The British were driven out a second time with great loss; a third time they advanced to the attack, when Col. Prescott, discovering that the Provincials had been driven from the hay breastwork and that his retreat would soon be cut off, ordered a retreat. The retreat now became general, but was conducted in good order.—Mr. Maynard was not with Gen. Warren when he fell, having been detained in the fort with Col. Prescott.

Soon after the retreat commenced, Mr. Maynard found his elder brother John (the father of John Maynard of Syracuse) with a broken leg and a British musket for a crutch, making the best head-way he could from the enemy. He threw his wounded brother across his shoulder, and carried him amidst showers of bullets beyond the reach of the enemy's fire, where he fainted from loss of blood; a ball passed through his leg, and the blood flowed profusely; the bullet holes were plugged with wads of grass; the wounded brother was again shouldered and carried to Bunker Hill, nearly a mile from the battle ground on Breed's Hill before help could be obtained. His unfortunate brother was soon cured of his wound and served through the war, and before its close was promoted to the rank of captain.

From the Hartford Courant.

## The Bible.

A nation must be truly blessed if it were governed by no other laws than those of this blessed book; it is so complete a system that nothing can be added to or taken from it; it contains every thing needful to be known or done; it affords a copy for a king and a rule for a subject; it gives instruction and counsel to a senate, authority and direction to a magistrate; it cautions a witness, requires an impartial verdict of a jury, furnishes a judge with his sentence; it seats the husband as lord of the household and the wife as mistress of the table, tells him how to rule, and her how to manage. It entails honor to parents, and enjoins obedience upon children; it prescribes and limits the sway of sovereigns the rule of the ruler and authority of the master; commands the subjects to honor and the servants to obey; and promises the protection of its author to all who walk by its rules. It gives directions for weddings and for burials; it promises food and raiment and limits the use of both; it points out a faithful and eternal guardian to the departing husband and partner; tells him with whom to leave his fatherless children and in whom his widow is to trust, and promises a father the former and a husband to the latter. It teaches a man how he ought to set his house in order, and how to make his will; it appoints a dowry for a wife, and entails a right of the first born, and shows how the younger branches are to be left. It defends the right of all and reveals vengeance to the defrauder, overreacher, and oppressor.

It is the first book and the oldest book in the world. It contains the choicest matter, gives the best instruction, and affords the greatest pleasure and satisfaction that ever were revealed. It contains the best laws and profoundest mysteries that ever were penned. It brings the best tidings and affords the best of comforts to the inquiring and disconsolate. It exhibits life and immortality, and shows the way to everlasting glory. It is a brief recital of all that is to come. It settles all matters in debate, resolves all doubts, and eases the mind and consciences of all their scruples. It reveals the only living and true God, and shows the way to him; and sets aside all other gods and describes the vanity of them, and of all that put their trust on them.

## A Thunder-Storm.

There are few things, if any, in all that portion of the universe which is exposed to the eyes of man, so grand, so mighty in beauty, so magnificent in splendor, as a great thunder-storm. The feeble and impotent contention of man with man, even upon the grandest scale, is faint to borrow from the cloudy war of the storm images to give it grandeur. We hear of the thunder of the cannon, of the lightning flash of the artillery. But what is it all to the reality, when forth from the cloud bursts the deafening voice of the storm upon the ear, and upon the eye blazes the blinding flash of the leaven bolt of heaven? Where shall we produce lights like that, casting their splendor from one verge of heaven to the other? where shall we find sounds so magnificent, so grand, rolling along the whole vault from the zenith to the horizon? Yet there are few persons who view a thunder-storm with the same feelings; and, indeed, the differences of human character are tried by scarcely anything more finely, than by the sensations produced upon the mind by that phenomenon. There are many who are terrified, and that terror may proceed from a thousand other causes than mere mental weakness. There are some who have been taught fear irremediably in their youth.—There are some actually afraid of corporal danger. There are some scarcely afraid, but awe-struck and over-powered. There are others, again, who have neither fear, nor awe, nor admiration, the dull fabric of whose minds is incapable of any fine sensation. There are some who do more, and admire the storm, but admire it simply for its grandeur: there are others

who do so likewise, but go far beyond; who combine it with visions of bright things, who hear tongues like those of angels in the voice of the thunder, and who gaze upon the blaze of the lightning, lighted by its splendor to far faint visions of Almighty power and majesty.

## THE FATHER—An instructive Sketch.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

It is the duty of mothers to sustain the reverses of fortune. Frequent and sudden as they have been to our own country, it is important that young people should possess some employment, by which they might obtain a livelihood in case they should be reduced to the necessity of supporting themselves. When the families are unexpectedly reduced from affluence to poverty, how pitiful and contemptible it is to see the mother desponding or helpless, and permitting her daughters to embarrass those whom it is their duty to assist and cheer.

"I have lost my whole fortune," said a merchant as he returned one evening to his home, "we can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house. The children must no longer go to expensive schools. Yesterday I was a rich man. To-day there is nothing I can call my own."

"Dear husband, we are still rich in each other and our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in those active hands and loving hearts."

"Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sober. We will help you to get a living."

"What can you do, poor things," said he.

"You shall see, you shall see," answered several cheerful voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor. We shall work and make you rich again."

"I shall help," said the youngest girl, hardly four years old, "I will not have any new things bought and I shall sell my great doll."

The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk within his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him, and his prayer was like a song of praise.

He left his stately house. The servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate, rich carpet and furniture were sold, and she who had so long been the mistress of the mansion shed no tear. "Pay every debt," said she, "let no one suffer through us, and we may yet be happy."

He rented a neat cottage and a small piece of ground, a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed with delight and astonishment the economy of his wife, nurtured as she had been in wealth and efficiency which his daughters soon acquired under her training.

The eldest one assisted her in the work of the household and also assisted the younger children. Besides, they executed various works, which they had learned as accomplishments but which they found could be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered with taste some of the ornamental parts of female apparel which were readily sold to merchants in the city.

They cultivated flowers and sent bouquets to market, in the cart that conveyed the vegetables; they platted straw, they painted maps, they executed needle work. Every one was at her post, busy and cheerful. The cottage was like a beehive.

"I never enjoyed such health before," said the father.

"And I never was as happy before," said the mother.

"We never knew how many things we could do when we lived in the great house," said the children, "and we love each other a great deal better here.—You call us your little bees."

"Yes," said the father, "and you make just such honey as the heart loves to feed on."

Economy as well as industry was strictly observed.—Nothing was wasted. Nothing unnecessary was purchased. The eldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished female seminary, and the second took her place as instructress to the family.

The little dwelling, which had always been kept neat, they were soon able to beautify. Its construction was improved, and the vines and flowering trees were replanted around it. The merchant was happier under his wood-bine covered porch, in a summer's evening, than he had been in his snowy drawing room.

"We are now thriving and prosperous," said he, "shall we now return to the city?"

"Oh, no, no, no," was the unanimous reply.

"Let us remain," said the wife, "where we have found health and contentment."

"Father," said the youngest, "all we children hope you are not going to be rich again; for then," she added, "we little ones were shut up in the nursery, and did not see much of you or mother. Now we all live together, and sister who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us happy when we were rich, and did not work. So, father, please not be a rich man any more."

## Dreadful Instance of Revenge.

King John had demanded the eldest son of William de Braose, Lord of Bramber, in Sussex, as a page to wait on queen Isabella, meaning him in reality as a hostage for his father's allegiance. When the King's message was delivered at Bramber by a courier who bore the ominous name of Maule, the imprudent lady de Braose declared in his hearing that she would not surrender her children to a king who had murdered his own nephew. The Lady de Braose repented her rashness when it was too late, and strove in vain to propitiate Queen Isabella by rich gifts. Among other offerings, she sent the queen a present of a herd of four hundred cows and one beautiful bull.—This peerless herd was white, all but the ears, which were red. This strange present to Isabella did not avert the deadly wrath of King John; for he sized the unfortunate family at Meath, in Ireland, whither they had fled for safety. The Lord of Bramber, his wife and children, were conveyed to the old castle of Windsor, and enclosed in a strong room, where they were deliberately starved to death, father, mother, and five innocent little ones, who suffered in our country the fate of Count Ugolino and his family; an atrocity compared with which the dark stain of Arthur's murder fades to the hue of a venial crime.—Miss Strickland's *Lives of Queens of England*.

## Country Comforts.

Go not forth into fashionable dens, for there the servants shall neglect you by day, and the bug shall bite you by night. The mosquito shall hum in your ear, and the bill of the landlord shall be awful.—But rather betake yourself to some quiet town, inland, shady and noiseless—where the fizz, whizz, and grunt of the locomotive cannot come. Where the flicker of the sunbeam on the green leaves and the song of the locust and can bird are sure indications of being in the country; and not in one of those half and half abominations, called country born but city bred. There having found such a snugger, and plenty are they in a reasonable distance from us—let stocks and ship news, defileations and fires take their course; calm the heady passions of the soul, and purify the thoughts by conversing awhile with nature; fish if you can but not after gudgeons; ride if you will, but not post haste; talk if you will, but not of Mr. A's solvency or Mr. B's bargains; and being well tired out, go to sleep at reasonable hours and in a sober state.—North American.

## A fine country for Locusts.

According to Mr. Humbolt, there is a tree in the South Sea Islands which produces ready made shirts. The natives cut off pieces of the tree about two feet long, from which they draw off the red and fibrous bark, in the manner that the boys draw off the bark of the chestnut to make whistles. Each man selects a tree near his own diameter, so that the shirt may be a good fit. When the bark is off, they cut a hole in each side to admit the arms. These shirts do not require any washing starching or ironing, and a more convenient article for loafers could not be imagined. The same country produces bread fruit, so that a fellow may get his board and clothes gratis; and (what will meet the views of some Philadelphia gentlemen of leisure,) he may sleep out all night without interruption from the watchmen. Who will put in to establish a grand loafer's colonization society, to facilitate the transportation of those gentlemen to the South Sea Islands. The idea of shirts and luncheons gratis will be a powerful inducement for them to emigrate.

## A Retort.

"Friend Franklin," said Elijah Tate, a celebrated Quaker lawyer, of Philadelphia, one day, "these know almost every thing; can thee tell me how I am to preserve my small beer in the back yard? My neighbors are often tapping it of nights."—"Put a barrel of old Madeira by the side of it," replied the doctor; "let them but get a taste of the Madeira, and I'll engage they will never trouble thy small beer any more."

All women, almost, are captivated by talent; especially for those for whose pleasure, in particular, its possessor may exert it. Nothing can be more delightful to them, because nothing can be more

flattering; and flattery is the key to all hearts.—Want of handsome person, or even good looks, is for the most part forgotten,—willingly pardoned in a man of talent. The eye of woman does not require to be dazzled, as well as her mind, the same cannot be said with respect to virtuous qualities.—In so much higher esteem does human vanity hold talent with virtue. Good looks, combined with rapid intellect, will win few women, unless they are equally rapid with the object of their admiration.

## Laughable Incident.

A laughable incident occurred in this country some time since, the circumstances of which we give just as we got them from one who professed to be acquainted with the transaction. An old gentleman farmer, who had two or three very pretty daughters, was so very cautious of his charge, that he would not permit them to keep the company of young men; however, they adopted the following expedient to enjoy the company of their lovers without the knowledge of the father. After the old man had retired to rest, the girls would hang a sheet out of the window, which was quite a distance from the ground, and the beau would seize hold of the sheet, and with the assistance of his lady-love, who tugged lustily at the sheet above, would thus gain an entrance; but it so happened that one evening the girls hung out the sheet rather too early—for the old gentleman, by some ill wind, was blown around the corner, and spying the sheet, could not conjecture the meaning of its being there—so he took hold and endeavored to pull it down; the girls above supposing it to be one of their beaux, began to hoist, and did not discover their mistake until the head of the old man was level with the window sill, when one of them exclaimed—"Oh Lord!—'tis Dad!"—and letting go their hold of the sheet, souse came the old man on the hard ground and stones below, dislocating one of his shoulders, which convinced him that his efforts to make old maids out of his daughters was a matter not so easily accomplished; and withdrawing all further opposition to their keeping company, he was soon a father-in-law.—Freeman's Advocate.

**Bachelor's Buttons.**—A new kind of buttons has been invented, which dispenses with the use of thread and needle, and is rivetted in the cloth in a moment. It is called by some the anti-come-off button, and by others the bachelor's button, from its convenience to that venerable order of persons who decline matrimony.

A country greenhorn, after being joined in the chains of wedlock, was asked by one of the guests, a friend, if he had paid the parson; to which he replied, "Oh, no! but he's owing father for a peck of beans, and we'll make a turn of it."

Love is often a heavier burden for a man to bear than a woman; for every woman, by a kind of instinct, has some friend to whom she confides all her secrets, and eases herself by talking about them; but a man is ashamed to confess his feelings, and often conceals them till they wound and rankle.

**Excellent Things.**—A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know justly how to appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge both from the beauty of the covering.

**Taking a Cold Check.**—A disconsolate lover thus tells the fate of his first essay in love affairs:

I sighed and told her all my love,  
And how my yearning heart had trusted;  
I whispered of my stock in banks—  
"K. K.," said she, "the banks are busted!"

\* "Can't come in."—Exchange paper.

"Single blessedness bringeth not length of days." He or she who would tarry long in the land of the living must "jump the broomstick," and become a participator in the joys and sorrows of matrimonial life. An eminent son of Esculapius, Dr. Rush, in a long and thorough course of inquiries, found but one single person above the age of eighty! A fact so startling ought to arrest the attention of those whom it may concern.

The New York Sun, in alluding to the frequent cases of breach of promise of marriage, says: "If the ladies would alter their plan of operations, and deliver before marriage many of the lectures they indict after it, not only many breaches but many promises also would be saved."

## Pretty Thick.

A friend writing to us from N. leans says—"The weather here is amazingly hot, and the musquitos about twenty to the cubic inch." MB.